

# THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE

WOODSTOCK, VERMONT

The People's Rights—A Representative Democracy—The Union and the Constitution Without Any Infractions.

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## THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE

Woodstock, Vermont.

Printed Saturday Morning  
ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

## WOODSTOCK NEWS.

### Work of the King's Daughters

The King's Daughters held their annual meeting Saturday evening, when officers were elected as follows: Leader, Mrs. A. C. Eastman; vice leader, Mrs. George Bradley; secretary, Mrs. George R. Winslow; treasurer, Mrs. D. C. Sherwin.

The treasurer's report showed cash on hand August 15, 1908, \$265.25; received during the year, \$471.41; expended during the year, \$502.30; cash on hand August 15, 1909, \$234.36.

The earnings of the past year were \$16.38 more than the previous year, while the expenditures showed an increase of \$132.67 over those of the previous year. The receipts were derived from the annual King's Daughters' fair, \$258.25, from the play, "What Happened to Jones," \$145.20, and from dues and miscellaneous sources, \$67.95. The annual convention and state society taxes of the local circle amount to about \$16.

Nearly all of the fund at the disposal of the King's Daughters was expended at home, but some aid was rendered the Kurn Hattin Home at Westminster and one or two other institutions.

### Judge Abbott Calls on Taft at Beverly.

Judge Ira A. Abbott of Albuquerque, N. M., who has been spending his vacation here and in Haverhill, Mass., called on President Taft at Beverly, Mass., last week Wednesday, in response to an invitation to come and talk over territorial matters.

The two had a long talk over New Mexico affairs, says a Boston paper, and naturally the question of statehood came up. The President, it is understood, told Judge Abbott that he would help in any way he could to raise the territory to statehood. Standing on the Republican platform of 1908, President Taft could do nothing else, as the party went on record at Chicago a year ago last June favoring statehood for that territory.

On this question there is likely to be quite a fight when the matter comes up in congress. Political lines are sharply drawn out that way, and it is claimed that unless the Republicans can be assured that New Mexico is pretty certain to send two Republicans to the upper house of congress there will be no great rush to arrange for the admission of the territory as a state into the Union.

There has been quite a shaking up of the territorial government out there and one or two judges failed to receive reappointments, but Judge Abbott says that things are now running smoothly and that statehood is the burning issue.

### Resident and Non-Resident Hunters.

H. G. Thomas, of Stowe, state fish and game commissioner, who was in Montpelier Friday, was interrogated in regard to licenses for resident and non-resident hunters. He stated that if an alien is a resident and taxpayer of a town or city, he need pay only 50 cents for a hunter's license, but if not a taxpayer he must pay \$15. Mr. Thomas also said that, while a town clerk has a right under the law to issue a license to a resident of another town, if the clerk is sure he is a taxpayer, he believed the proper way to do was for a hunter to procure his license of the clerk in the town or city in which he resides.

### BRIGGS.

Mrs. Rose Bruce of Castleton, who has been with her mother, Mrs. Ann Johnson, for a week, has returned home.

Frank Gates returned from Woodstock Saturday, after working almost

three months for the late Frank Bass.

Alvin Fairbanks of Plymouth is on a visit to friends here, calling on J. Y. Briggs, who was a schoolmate 65 years ago.

Peter Granger and wife attended the campmeeting at White River Junction.

The telephone line was extended to L. H. Spaulding's farm the past week.

Charles Booth has a brother from Massachusetts visiting him.

### SHERBURNE.

Eugene Butwell of Rochester is in town this week.

Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Plumley, Mrs. A. C. Plumley and children were in Shrewsbury this week Sunday.

Mrs. Gertrude Dutcher and daughter of Wallingford are visiting in this place.

Miss Smith of Bridgewater was the guest of Mrs. W. D. Johnson a few days, returning home last Saturday evening.

Mrs. Ellen Hadley visited at H. B. Miner's one day last week.

Master Willie Cady has been with friends in Stockbridge and vicinity, the past week.

### Accident at South Royalton.

As Everett Corwin of South Tunbridge was coming down the hill near the shoe shop at South Royalton, with his family, Saturday, the harness broke, letting the wagon come on the horse. The animal at once started to run and the occupants jumped without serious injury. The horse ran down the hill at terrific speed and collided with a telephone pole, killing him. The horse was young and was valued at \$200.

### Balloon's Short Trip.

The first balloon ascension under the auspices of the new Vermont Aero club was made at Rutland last week Tuesday afternoon at 3:30 o'clock and ended at 5:54 o'clock with a safe landing a half mile from Brandon. The balloon "Heart of the Berkshires" was used and its passengers were Pilot William Van Sleet, Postmaster Ezra Allen of Fowler and Mrs. Edith I. Sawyer, a reporter for the Rutland News.

The purpose of the trip was to cross the Canadian border if possible and win the trophy offered by La Patrie, but the wind was too weak, although what breeze there was came from the right direction, due south.

### Cures Man by Wireless.

Treating a sick man on board the lonely Nantucket Shoals lightship by wireless is a new achievement. A few days ago Captain D. Kane of the lightship became sick, and as there was no doctor aboard the crew did not know just what to do.

A wireless message to the naval hospital at Newport brought detailed instructions from one of the surgeons there and the prescription that was sent was put up from the medicine chest on the lightship by the crew.

### Drowning at Lake Bomoseen.

By the overturning of a boat from where he was fishing Sunday morning, William H. Walker of West Rutland, was drowned near Goodwin's point a short distance from the shore of Lake Bomoseen.

Walker, who was a good swimmer, was making his way toward the shore when he suddenly went down.

A bold and cunning robber threw pebbles on the porch of Supt. J. D. Wright of the Dellwood cemetery at Manchester Thursday night. When Mr. Wright went out and walked around to see what the trouble was, the burglar entered and stole small bills, change and a check for \$16. A large posse scoured the woods and hiding places all night in a vain search for the thief.

The Black River Valley Grange association will hold its annual fair on Tuesday, September 7, at the old grounds between Proctor and Ludlow. The big pumpkins and mammoth squashes will find ample room in the new buildings which have been promised. Sports will not be neglected.

### NORWICH.

Examinations for candidates for free tuition to secondary schools will be held in Norwich grammar school building, August 26 and 27.

The Ladies' Aid will hold a sale of aprons and fancy articles on the afternoon and evening of Wednesday, August 25, at the vestry. A supper will be served; also ice cream, cake and candy will be on sale. Let all interested contribute for the sale and supper.

Lucy L. Olds of Yonkers, N. Y., is the guest of her brother, E. W. Olds. Rev. Wm. Moe is spending a two weeks' vacation with his parents at Albany, N. Y.

Conrad Hazen of New York is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Hazen.

Schools will begin August 30.

Hazen Conklin of Attleboro, Mass., has been visiting relatives in town.

Jerome Forrest left last Monday for a trip to Boston and other places.

Eugene Hatch returned to his home in Detroit, Mich., last Monday, after spending two weeks with his mother.

Andrew Boyd of Enfield has purchased the H. O. Willard farm.

An auto party from New York, another from Burlington, Mrs. Hattie Farrar of Boston, Miss Hensler of Detroit, Mrs. Etta Tarbs of Worcester, Herbert Davis of Worcester, are recent guests at Newton Inn.

Dr. Parker of Boston was a guest the first of the week of Mrs. H. C. Graves at A. W. Brigham's.

### Activity at State Fair Grounds.

The Vermont State Fair Commission is actively making many changes at the grounds at White River Junction for the forthcoming event, Sept. 21, 22, 23 and 24.

The fish exhibit will be in a permanent building hereafter and so located that every visitor will have easy opportunity of seeing the exhibit that will be made by Fish Commissioner Thomas. The building is located near the main entrance. The building used at past events for a dog house has been converted into a first-class sheep building and this year a big feature will be the showing of sheep.

The totting horse barns erected a year ago at the north end of the grounds are being moved to the south end of the track and located near the new barn erected this year. Painters are also at work on the buildings and everything will have a bright, new appearance when fair time arrives.

### Willing, but Weak.

Commercial travelers find most of the natural curiosities along the lines of travel. This is a story told by one after a trip through southern Canada. "Being impatient to get out of a sleepy little town, I ascertained the time of the outgoing train and hurried down to the station. After awhile an object slowly emerged from the distance and slunk up alongside. I boarded the solitary coach, and after a tedious wait the engine began to gasp feebly, the old coach creaked a little, but the train did not move. I was about to get out to see what was the matter when the forward door of the coach was suddenly flung open and a head popped in. 'Hey, you,' said the engineer, leaning at me, 'climb off till I get a start, will you?'"

### In Default of a Stone Breaker.

The new boarder shyly took his seat at Mrs. Skimpin's table. "May I ask, sir," said the old boarder, "what your occupation is?" "My occupation," repeated the new comer. "Oh, I'm a sculptor!" "You carve marble, do you?" pursued the veteran. "I do." "Then," concluded the other, "I see you will be a valuable acquisition to this happy house. Do you mind coming up to this end of the table a moment and carving the fowl?"

### Joe Miller's Intention.

"But I can't see," said the friend to old Joe Miller after the latter had shown him the manuscript of his "Jest Book," "why you ever took the time to collect all these old jokes."

"I didn't mean to do so much of it," explained Joe confidentially. "At first I started out to arrange the scenario of a musical comedy, but learned that the time was not yet ripe for such a production."

Albert Colton of Athens died Aug. 8 from blood poisoning caused by a bee sting.

### BEHIND THE SCENES.

Difficulties With Which a Young Actor Had to Struggle.

An actor's life, although often interesting and frequently useful, is by no means easy. When Frederick Warde, the English tragedian, brought his wife and children to this country to live with him while he made his way here he was, after various ups and downs, engaged by Mr. Booth to play certain prominent parts. In "Talks In a Library" Mr. Laurence Hutton relates some of the difficulties with which the young actor had to struggle.

The company, long associated with Mr. Booth, with the single exception of Warde, was not assembled, and there could be but one or two rehearsals before the first performance. Warde had never even seen the play of "Othello" and had no idea how to dress it—a very important item to a man who had little money to devote to costumes.

There were, of course, professional persons who could have fitted him out from wig to sandal, but to those he could not afford to go.

He read the tragedy many times, studied his part till he was what is called "letter perfect," and at the Astor library copied many drawings, colored by his own hand, of the dresses he had to wear. These garments and effects were made out of the cheapest material from his own patterns, cut and sewed by his wife, and for six weeks nothing in that house was thought of or talked about but "Othello."

The young man, realizing what it all meant to him, was exceedingly anxious about the results, as was his wife. They lived in a poor, humble little apartment, and he was to take a midnight train to the scene of his great effort only a day or two before he was to make his debut in one of the most important and trying parts of the English drama.

I went to the train with him, and just as we were starting Mrs. Warde came down and said: "I've just been putting the children to bed, and I must tell you what Arthur prayed."

Arthur was then a lad not out of his frocks. It seems that the child, kneeling by his little cot, had gone through the regular formula, "Our Father," "Now I lay me," "Please, God, remember papa and mamma and little sister and dear grandmother in England," and had then added, as an impromptu, "and, O God, do please help papa through with 'Othello.'"

I told this story at a dinner one night, as I am trying to tell it now, and was startled by an inquiry from the wife of a clergyman, who, with wonder and doubt in her voice, demanded, "Do you mean to tell me that actors' children say their prayers?"

### The Point of the Pin.

Mechanically the interviewer droned out his well worn questions. "And how, Sir William, did you get your start in life?"

"I got my start in life, young man," said the pork merchant, "through picking up a pin in the street. I had been refused employment by a butcher, and on my way out I saw a pin. I—"

"Quite so!" chimed in the seasoned interviewer. "You picked it up, the butcher was impressed by your carefulness, called you back and took you into partnership. I know that pin so well!"

"Excuse me," broke in the pork vender, "but you proceed too fast. I saw the pin and picked it up—quite true. But I sold it for £100. It was a diamond pin."—London Mail.

### The Job He Wanted.

"Dear Sir," said an applicant for a position to the secretary of the treasury, according to the Saturday Evening Post, "I am very anxious to obtain remunerative employment in the treasury department. While my educational advantages do not qualify me for any of the higher places, I could fill one of the minor places to advantage, and I respectfully apply for the position of chief cuspidorian of the department."

The letter went to the assistant secretary for reply, and he wrote as follows:

"Dear Sir—I regret very much that nothing can be done for you. There is no such place as chief cuspidorian. You have coined the word, but I cannot coin the job."

### Tempus Fugit.

Two darkies were engaged in a lively dispute about the purchase of a mule.

"Look heah, Mistah Jackson," exclaimed one, "you done tole me three weeks ago dat mule was a young animal. He hain't got a toof in his head, he's so old."

Whereupon Mr. Jackson thoughtfully scratched his head and replied, "Time shus does fly in dis heah country."—Success Magazine.

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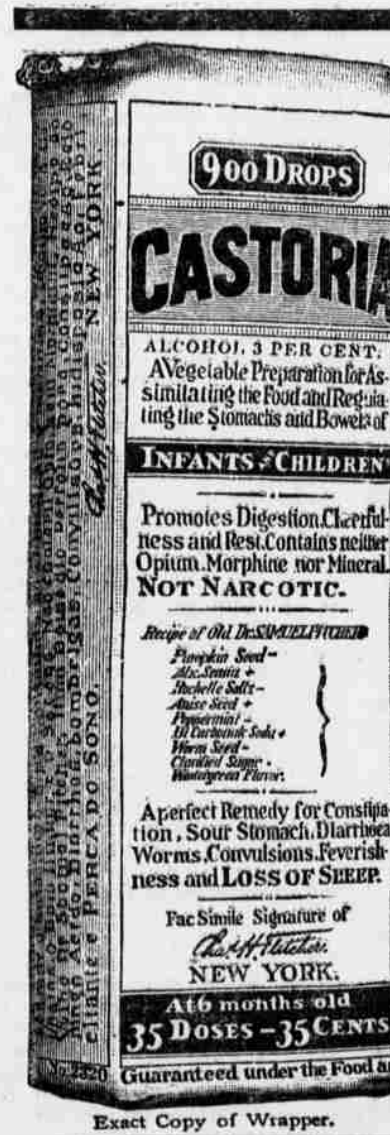
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### Bethel Barn Burned.

A barn and storehouse in Bethel were burned Sunday morning. The property was owned by W. B. C. Stickney and was situated near the railroad tracks in the lower part of the village. It is thought the fire caught from a passing locomotive. All the live stock was taken from the barn, but about 30,000 feet of birch lumber was consumed.

Crews of British submarines are taught how to use a safety helmet and waterproof jacket designed to save them in case the submarine on which they are engaged is sunk.

The big trees of California are the oldest living things in the world. Estimates made from cross sections of some of those which have fallen show that the mature trees are more than 4,000 years old.

### A TIPSY DUKE'S PRANK.

The Story of How Mrs. Connolly Became Lady Michael.

In former times there used to be a certain Duke of Richmond, then lord lieutenant of Ireland, who belonged to the hail fellow well met species. With his boon companions it was his almost daily habit to go to a certain fashionable inn at Bray, kept by one Michael Connolly. There much wine was consumed during his incumbency of the lord lieutenantcy, and many and wild were the nights that the little inn at Bray witnessed. Connolly had a reputation as being the best cook in Ireland, and it was said his wine was the best to be found within the confines of the Emerald Isle. The Duke of Richmond said so, and he ought to have known, as he had eaten tons of the one and imbibed tons of the other.

Connolly's cooking and Connolly's wine were popular themes of conversation with his lordship, and he was not niggardly with his praise of either. Wine is a great leveler of ranks, and so it fell out one night that the duke, carried away by his admiration for Connolly's talents in kitchen and taproom, committed an egregious, amusing mistake. The night in question had been an even more than usually wet one at the inn at Bray, and the duke, the innkeeper himself and all of the duke's companions were lost to all sense of either proportion or the eternal fitness of things.

Therefore no one thought it strange when the duke sent for mine host and, after a speech of praise of his viands, the way in which they were prepared and especially of his wine cellar, bade him kneel. Then, striking him across the shoulders, he said, "Rise, Sir Michael Connolly!" And Sir Michael rose amid the rapturous applause of those present. It seemed quite the proper caper then, but the next morning, as it came back to still further jar the aching head of the duke, it bore a somewhat different aspect, and the principal question that agitated the ducal mind was how he was to get out of the scrape.

Connolly was summoned and, in the faint hope that the ceremony had made no impression, asked if he remembered aught that happened the night previous. Sir Michael did and manifested a disquieting determination to hang on to his newly acquired title. But, as have lesser and greater men before and since, he fell a willing victim to bribery and finally agreed not to press his claim to knighthood. The price was heavy, but not too high to pay for the suppression of a tale that would make his grace of Richmond the laughingstock of London, and so the duke was turning, satisfied with his morning's work, when the late Sir Michael dashed his self congratulations to the four winds.

"Yis, your grace, I'll keep quiet," he said as he jingled the price of his title in his pocket, "but," thoughtfully—"but it will take more than the likes of me to keep my wife, Lady Michael Connolly, quiet about the matter." And it did. Michael was right. She was Lady Michael to her friends from that day on and always laid claim to the title. The duke was the laughingstock of London, as he had feared, but a reformed man as well, for he dared take no further risks.—London Tatler.

### A One Sided Chase.

In an English paper appears the following amusing anecdote: Some servants were exercising three horses and some of the hounds from the Hunt kennels when an inmate of the district asylum appeared on the scene.

"Eh, sic bonnie dogs," exclaimed the man, who was supposed to be daft, "sic bonnie dogs. And what dei keep they for?"

It was explained to him that they were kept for hunting the fox.

"An' sic bonnie horses. Are they for hunting the fox too?" He was told that they were, whereupon he asked the value of a horse and a dog, too, and, having been informed, he next wanted to know the value of a fox when caught.

"Oh, about tenpence," was the reply.

"Mercy mei, tenpence!" said the daftie. "Three hundred pounds chasing tenpence! Let's awa."

### A Crack in a Piece of Metal.

A crack in a piece of metal is prevented from extending farther by the well known means of drilling a hole where the rent ends. But when the hole is not bored on just that spot the crack is apt to continue beyond the hole. A scientific journal recommends moistening the cracked surface with petroleum, then wiping it and then immediately rubbing it with chalk. The oil that has penetrated into the crack exudes and thus indicates with precision where the crack stops.